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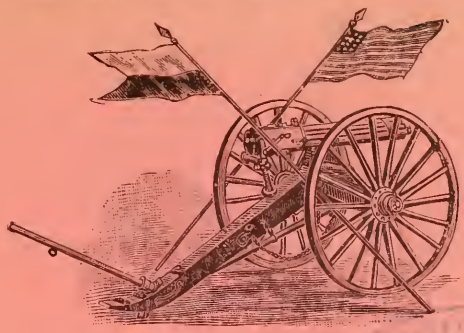
Campaign Songs for 1884.



The Starry Old Flag.

RECEIVED IN DUPLICATE
JUN 18 1884
CITY OF WASHINGTON

BY J. S. ELLIS.

AIR—Star Spangled Banner.

Oh, say, do you hear the glad tidings of joy?
The people rejoice, and tell the glad story;
From Chicago's grand halls the shout has gone forth,
For Blaine and for Logan, for victory and glory.
Our Banner shall wave, for the wise, good, and brave,
O'er a nation that's free from both tyrant and slave;
And the statesman and soldier victorious shall be,
For dear to their hearts is the land of the free.

Our country is one, and forever must be,
Though traitorous hands have left their sad traces;
But the men who proved true in the nation's dark days,
Are the men who should govern and fill our high places.
On land, and on sea, our nation is free,
And the rights of our people protected shall be;
And the starry old banner, our forefathers gave—
The Red, White and Blue—forever shall wave.

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Three Times Three for Blaine.

BY J. S. ELLIS.

AIR—Bonnie Blue Flag.

Again we raise the glorious shout,
Our country still is free,
For Jimmy Blaine, the man from Maine,
Leads on to victory.
Our leaders heard the voters' voice
Ring out from sea to sea;
The Plumed Knight was always right,
So give him three times three.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for Jimmy Blaine,
We'll give him three times three, my boys,
The Plumed Knight from Maine.

Of all the statesmen in our land
There are none more wise nor true;
He's a friend to all the laboring men,
And the boys who wore the blue.
He knows just what the people want,
In kindness he will reign;
He's got the brains to hold the reins—
This noble man from Maine.

We have many other able men,
Who are wise, and pure and great—
Who we could trust, the next four years,
To guide the ship of state.
Our delegates have acted wise,
They've nothing to relent;
They gave us Blaine, the man from Maine,
The coming President.

'Twill be a mighty chilly day
When we get left with Blaine;
The people all have learned to love
The good old man from Maine.
And foreign powers must respect
Our claims; on land and sea
The starry flag shall ever wave—
The emblem of the free.

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GEG My. 2411.

Marching Through the Union.

BY J. S. ELLIS.

AIR—Marching Through Georgia.

Oh, yes, we hear the bugle,
And we rally at the call;
We've enlisted for the canvass,
And we're coming one and all.
We've got our rations with us,
And we're going to stay till fall—
As we go marching through the Union.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! we'll raise the joyous shout!
Hurrah! hurrah! why don't you turn us out?
We'll show them in November, boys,
Just what we've been about—
As we go marching through the Union.

We are waiting marching orders
From our leaders, in command,
Every voter ready, with
His ballot in his hand;
And volunteers are coming,
From each hamlet in the land,
As we go marching through the Union.

We have "Jimmy" Blaine for Captain—
There's no better man than he;
Our watch-word is protection
To our land of liberty;
With honest John A. Logan
We will gain the victory—
As we go marching through the Union.

Our foes began to scatter
When they heard the opening gun;
With Blaine and Logan ballots
We will make the "Demmies" run;
Just see how they're surrendering;
Oh, ain't it jolly fun—
As we go marching through the Union.

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You'll get there, Jimmy Blaine.

BY J. S. ELLIS.

AIR—Gay Gambolier.

Rejoice, and sound the jubilee,
Ye freemen, one and all,
For James G. Blaine (the man from Maine)
We rally at the call.
With gallant John A Logan—
So noble, brave and true—
Who led the van, in Dixie's land,
Of our dear boys in blue.

CHORUS.

We'll stand by our leaders
And battle for the right;
We'll stand by our Chieftain,
The gallant Plumed Knight.
We'll fight with General Logan,
The man from Illinois,
Who led the van in Dixie's land
Of noble Union boys.

From Maine to California
Their praises we will sing;
From Canada to Mexico
We'll make the welkin ring.
We're marching on to victory,
With merry shout and song,
And here's a hand for every man
Who wants to go along.

All Democrats who wish to join
This glorious conquering band,
Fall in at once, and take your place
Well back in the command.
And when the battle's ended,
And the victory is won,
You'll get the praise, in coming days,
For all that you have done.

To new recruits, just old enough,
We've only this to say:
Fall into line, and keep the step—
We're sure to win the day;
And when November comes around,
You'll find the man from Maine
Has got a right to the Mansion White—
You'll get there, "Jimmy" Blaine.

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